

Sketch

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Poem

Zorba . *

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Poem

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Abstract

Illinois sungrass near apple tree fountains down the graygravel road, lined with tall weeds,
sparkling, the pond and her wonderful cool wetness reflecting long strands of sungold...

light.

Three sharp cracks of a rifle cursed the night. The old woman shivered but continued to sit, waiting. Several minutes passed.

The sound of shuffling feet came up the path. Two figures moved onto her terrace and stopped. The first peered at her in the dim light, "You should not be here. The Americans will come."

She nodded.

"You should leave, old one. They may burn your hut."

The old woman said nothing.

The two men walked on across the courtyard. The first one stopped and called back to her, "Do not cross the dike. It is mined . . . Remember, you saw nothing."

The old woman nodded and pulled her blouse closer about her shoulders. "I saw nothing."

Poem

by Zorba

Illinois sungrass
near apple tree fountains
down the graygravel road,
lined with tall weeds, sparkling,
the pond
and her wonderful cool wetness
reflecting long strands of sungold

sungold.
the great room of light
labors slowly in the heat of the morning
grows mature with the afternoon breeze
only to die
at Illinois dusk